

Catarrh a Blood Disease

Drives It From Your System

Because Catarrh affects the nose and throat, causing sore in the nostrils, stoppage of air-passages, and gathering in the throat, it has been common practice to treat Catarrh with salves, washes and ointments. This mode of treatment cannot give permanent relief, and is liable to irritate and aggravate the trouble. Catarrh cannot be trifled with. If allowed to run on it will cause the bronchial tubes, settle on the lungs, affect the stomach. Don't treat it locally. The one treatment that has proven effective in the treatment of Catarrh is S. S. S. It is the greatest blood purifier and "do-it" tonic known.

It relieves the cause of Catarrh by the process of encouraging the blood, renewing its strength and vigor, giving new life to the red blood corpuscles and stimulating the flow so that it has the vitality to throw off the poison and germs from the system. It is literally a blood bath. You quickly feel results. Headaches disappear, the gathering in the throat stops, the nostrils heal—before you hardly realize it you are well. S. S. S. is a natural blood tonic, and has proven effective in the treatment of all blood affections. Get it at your druggist's. If you need special advice write the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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O.C.W. Girls Will Serve Ice Tea Saturday

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PHONE 17



POLLY'S COLONIAL TEA

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Eusebia had lived in the little gambrel-roof house at the foot of the hill ever since she was born, for forty-eight years.

Gabriel always stopped when he drove by on the way to town to call out a cheery salute to the face at the sitting-room window. He had gone to school to Miss Gibbons, and really had an affection for the odd little old maid.

"You know, Gabe," she would say, with a certain tilt of her head, "I am the last of the Gibbonses."

Gabriel remembered the plaintive note of loneliness the day he carried the load of hard wood over to the schoolhouse. The teacher stepped out to show him where she wanted it put, and she asked him if he knew a nice, pleasant place to board. She was living down near the station, and didn't like it.

Gabriel told her he'd speak to Miss Gibbons. She couldn't have been a day over eighteen, with big brown eyes and wavy brown hair and the deepest dimples.

"She don't seem to have much stability," said Miss Gibbons gently, after she had boarded Polly a week. "She just seems to brighten up the whole place. I'm even thinking some of having a little party for her Washington's birthday. I'll set out all my colonial things, ask each one who comes to bring along something they've got tucked away, too. You can come, can't you, Gabe?"

Gabe was sure he could. In fact, he'd make a point of it. But when he paid his usual call Sunday, Polly seemed out of humor.

"Oh, it isn't anything, Gabe," she said shortly. "It's just everything all at once. I think I'll give up the school and go back home. I heard Mrs. Dwiggins say Friday they would ask for my resignation if I didn't."

"First, they say the supervisor drives over and stays too long in my district. Well, he does, too. He's an old goose. Then they say I waved my hand to the mail carrier." She smiled deliciously.

The twilight had fallen. Miss Gibbons was busy getting tea out in the kitchen, and Gabe some way managed to unburden his mind to a large extent in those few minutes. But the next day, even Eusebia sensed something wrong in the atmosphere at her Washington tea.

All about the parlor and sitting room were Eusebia's colonial treasures, her moss-rose tea set and the silver glaze teapot. There were the Capitol steps silk quilt made by Great-grand-aunt Lucinda Allen, and the old flintlock musket that had gone through the Pequot Indian wars, with a Revolutionary powder horn next it, and a homespun woolen blanket that old Capt. Elihan Gibbons had wrapped around his weary limbs at Valley Forge. There was a slender silver cup the great general himself was said to have drunk from and the very spilt bottom chair he had sat in the night of his sojourn at the Gibbons home.

Polly had draped an old worn flag over the picture of Washington behind the tea table where Eusebia sat, flushed and happy, and the rooms really looked festive. But there was something wrong. Polly knew it right away, when Mrs. Deacon Ricketts gave her a hand that was like a dead flounder. Then, when she passed tea, several of the ladies said very primly, "Much obliged, Miss Hall, I'm sure."

"Expect to go home before Easter, do you, Miss Hall?" inquired old M. S. Chatterton, who was deaf as a post. The question seemed to reverberate through the low-ceiled rooms, and Polly was pink to her ear tips. But Eusebia heard it and answered for her placidly:

"Well, I ain't at all likely. We'll need her here to sing in church, and it would hardly pay to go way up to Vermont and back again."

Mrs. Ricketts coughed slightly, stirred her tea and fired the next shot.

"The deacon was saying there was some talk on the school board of getting a man teacher to look after those big boys. I should think they'd be a real burden to you, Miss Hall."

"I like them," said Polly earnestly. "They all help me with the smaller ones, and are good as can be."

"I don't believe that supervisor will get elected this year again," spoke up Miss Chatterton, with startling clearness, and there came a dead silence. It really was the psychological moment in Eusebia's tea. Even the famous mistress of the first administration herself would have needed all her tact and diplomacy in handling the issue of the moment. Polly flashed an imploring glance at her, and Eusebia poured another cup of tea with steady fingers.

"Do try another one, Miss Ricketts," she said. "It'll quiet your nerves. Well, I don't wonder they talk of removing him. Silly old thing, gallivanting around 'stid of attending to his duties. Polly, isn't that Gabe at the door?"

Polly stepped out into the front hall, and Eusebia smiled confidentially at her company and sprang her final shot of victory.

"You know they're engaged to be married as soon as the school term ends. I'm real thankful, too. Gabe's got a treasure."

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